

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

Flowers for My Angel

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: A LOT of Angst, Angst, Eventual Romance, F/M, Fluff and Humor, M/M, Multi, Nightmares, Nymphs - Freeform, Seraphim, Slow Burn, Supernatural - Freeform, Violence, but he is not real, pennywise does make an appearance

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Mike Hanlon, Patrick Hockstetter, Reginald "Belch" Huggins, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Victor Criss

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris, Richie Tozier/Eddie Kaspbrak

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Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, No Archive Warnings Apply, Underage

Chapters: 1

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Summary:

Stanley Uris and Mike Hanlon both come from different worlds. Worlds that must remain secret from the humans...

Still they enter their world. A small little bleak town named Derry and they try their hardest to blend in. They make friends, go to school and even feel the beginning flames of infatuation and love.

But with their arrival comes darkness...an evil that threatens to expose their secrets and destroy their worlds.

Flowers for My Angel

Stan rushed through the streets of the City of Clouds, trying his hardest to avoid colliding with all of the other seraphs. The city was busy as always: people shopping in the markets, children playing and guards standing at their posts waiting for any problems that should arise.

He warily dodged all of the perusing adults and small children, who smiled and waved as he rushed through. He returned their smiles and threw a wave over his shoulder in return.

His wings twitched and fluttered on his back, almost as if they were fighting to be freed. They were folded against his back and it took all of his might not to let them sprout and just fly to his destination. He was practicing the art of walking like humans in the world below. After all he couldn't blend in if he flew everywhere, looking like some fallen angel from the sky, the irony of which never being lost on him. When he reached the world below they would have to be strapped down, just a precaution in case of any accidents or bizarre scenarios.

A smile tugged at his lips as he thought of the adventure he was about to experience. His heart pumped wave after wave of excitement through his veins as he neared the drop off, the gateway to the world of the humans.

It was his first time leaving the City of Clouds and visiting the world below. He felt nervous and scared but there was also a happiness that no amount of words could properly describe. Permission to visit the land of the humans was not easily granted. You had to learn their ways and customs along with the rules of being among them and even then your ability to blend in with them was tested and scrutinized. It was a process that took years to complete.

But he had done it.

It had taken two *long* years but he had finally been deemed fit to visit the land of humans and exist among them. He could see them for himself instead of reading about them in ancient books or listening to his father's lectures and teachings.

All of his thoughts came to a screeching halt when he finally reached the bridge to the drop. It was heavily guarded as always, today there were three of them standing at attention. Two large men and one woman who almost just as large and just as burly. All three stood stiff like statues, their faces blank, wings stretched out and fluttering effortlessly in the breeze, and their flaming swords strapped to their hips. Their shiny armor glinted and glittered in the sunlight, reminding the young seraph of his mother's diamond jewelry.

Stan found himself suddenly frozen in place. A cold fist sank around his heart, spreading an icy sensation through his entire system. He willed himself to move forward and finally face the moment he'd been waiting for almost his entire life as short as it was.

But he couldn't.

The wind tussled his curly brown hair as he stood firm on the ground, staring at the gilded bridge ahead. Shakily he swallowed the growling lump in his throat and forced himself to take a step. Slowly and almost cautiously he advanced, his light blue eyes never left the three guards. The closer he became the harder it became to continue on but he forced himself to nonetheless. Slowly, he let his wings extend behind him, feeling a sweet relief as they fluttered in the breeze.

He had to do this. All of the training and lessons had to mean something. They just *had* to.

"Hey!" A gruff voice called out to him, once again halting his steps. Stan looked up to find a pair of hardened but slightly amused golden eyes staring back. "Just where do you think you're heading off to youngling?"

Stan felt a tremor of anxiety rush through him, every bit of courage he had gathered quickly withering away. To his dismay he found that all eyes were now focused on him, each pair brimming with curiosity. After all it wasn't often that adult seraphs left the City, let alone the younglings.

Shakily, the young seraph rolled his shoulders and tried to appear brave. Clearing his dry throat he looked the guard who had addressed

him directly in the eyes. "I-I'm supposed to be going to--"

"Stanley!"

All heads turned just in time to see Stan's mother, Andrea, landing gently on her feet right behind her son. She was just as lovely as the dawn sky. Long chocolate tresses flowing down her shoulders, rosy pink cheeks, warm and soft blue eyes, and large shimmering white wings. A pastel yellow dress clung to her form and a matching cape was pinned to her shoulders. As soon as her feet reunited with the ground her wings tucked themselves in behind her back and she was rushing to her son's side.

"Mom? What are you doing here?" He asked, cheeks tinting a light pink.

"You were in such a hurry to leave that you left this behind." She mused simply, holding out a plain blue backpack. "Can't very well blend into a human school without this now can you?"

A smile tugged at Stan's cheeks and he nodded, taking the back from her and slugging it over his shoulders. "Thanks mom."

Lovingly, she placed her hand on his cheek and pressed a kiss to his forehead. "Be careful in the land of the humans Stanley." She murmured, her voice low and stern. "As beautiful as it may seem there are dangers lurking around every corner. Remember your teachings, be kind but cautious and trust in your instincts."

He nodded. "I will mom." He promised, draping his arms around her neck. "I love you."

Stan could feel the smile spread across her face as she returned his hug, squeezing him lightly. "I love you too. Be sure to get home before dark and make certain that no one sees you when you return."

"I know." He assured her, each of the seraphim rules echoing in his head.

She pulled away with bright eyes, hands lightly squeezing his shoulders. "Alright then...off you go."

He nodded, though he remained in place and his smile began to falter. "Will you come with me?" He asked softly. "To the drop?"

Sympathy filled her blue eyes. He was nervous and she couldn't blame him. This was a frightening experience but also an enjoyable one. She had no doubt that her son would love the world that existed below them.

With a curt nod she smiled. "Of course I will."

Gently, Andrea took her son's hand in her own, smiling wider when he interlaced their fingers. She gave his hand a tender squeeze and led him to the guards who gave her a polite nod.

"Good luck." The female replied, placing a firm hand atop his head and ruffling his already messy curls.

Stan seemed to brighten up at the encouragement and thanked her happily. His wings flapped and fluttered as they passed the trio, heading down the path to the cliff at the end. Despite his excitement he clung to his mother's hand, refusing to release her until he absolutely had to. When they reached the end of the long trail and he flew down to his destination below.

The moment came sooner than he realized. Soon there was no more trail to walk along...just the view of a sea of clouds with a stretch of forest and rivers below. He turned to his mother and found that she was already smiling down at him.

"Go on." She urged.

With a soft gulp Stan let his wings flap gently behind him, picking him up off the ground. He hovered for a while, his mother's hand still in his. With one last look at her for both comfort and support, he released her hand and flew over the edge.

"Be careful." She warned one final time, an almost haunted look crossing over her eyes for a moment.

He nodded, trying not to let that strange look get under his skin. It was nothing...his mother would never allow him to go anywhere if she wasn't sure he could handle it. He knew that for a fact.

"I'll try to be home by supper time." He called, flying farther out into the endless blue sky.

After taking one last look at his mother and home world Stan let his wings halt and fell through the clouds.

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed!!!

Thanks for reading!!!!!!!